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THE

# REFORMERS.

*A POEM.*

[PRICE THREE-PENCE.]

THE

# REFORMERS.

## *A SATIRICAL POEM.*

ADDRESSED

TO ALL THE FRIENDS AS WELL AS THE ENEMIES

OF THE

CONSTITUTION.

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When one fool happeneth to meet another,
Fondly they greet, "Ah! how do, deareſt Brother?"
While wiſe men, paſſing, ſee the Fools together,
And tho' they laugh at,—they don't ſpeak to either.
PAINE firſt began, Reformers follow'd after,
Yet both are only fit for wiſe men's laughter.

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## *ARGUMENT.*

*THE unknown Bard commenceth his first production, by painting, in high poetic colouring, the happiness of Britons;——and wickedly compareth the* great Mr PAINE, *to the Devil, sowing dissention amongst them. —Declareth, it is natural to fools to be discontented, and to imitate one another;—and almost averreth, that* the Reformers *are* all fools.——*Describeth facetiously who the Reformers are, and the sage discourse that taketh place at their meetings.—Gives a character of Mr Paine.——Argueth wisely, and maketh beautiful similes.——Quoteth two lines from the celebrated Mr Alexander Pope, poet,—and after displaying his great knowledge of the human mind, concludeth with a sagacious advice.*

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THE

# REFORMERS,

## A SATIRICAL POEM.

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BRITANNIA's glory long the world has fear'd,
And mankind long, beheld her fame with awe;
Her Conſtitution, on truth's baſis rear'd;
Her rulers upright, as her upright law!

While foreign nations, under deſpots groan'd,
And men, unhappy, durſt not ſpeak their mind;
Britannia's ſons, untainted bleſſings found;
Fair liberty, with happy order join'd!

High to the ſkies, her gorgeous turrets riſe;
Peace and contentment mark each village ſwain.
Her fields with plenty teeming, draw all eyes;
Britannia's ſons, *have long of her been vain!*

Her

Her hardy ſeamen have the waters rul'd;
Oft have her ſoldiers, conquer'd in the field.
Then ſay, Brave Britons, would ye now be fool'd?
To *gilded* reaſons, Britons, would *ye* yield?

Have ye forgot, when oft to war led on,
Ye friv'lous Frenchmen, made like chaff to fly,
Think ye not on, the deeds ye oft have done,
Still crying loud, "We conquer ſhall, or die."
Still nobly ſinging, "Britain rules the waves,"
"And Britons, never ſhall be ſlaves."

On birth-day nights, ye Britons, oft have met,
And loyal faithful hearts, did with you bring;
No alienated minds,—proud looks,—no pet;
The walls then echoed, with "Long live the King."
"Still may he flouriſh,—flouriſh great and free,
"*No nation on the earth, ſo bleſt as we!*"

Your little children, when they firſt began,
With liſping tongues, to cry out, "Pa—Pappa;"
You ſtroak'd their heads, and ſaid, "When you're
"a man,
Remember, George, to fear the King and law!"

When pleas'd at dinner, with your families ſeated,
You, happy Britons, oft would gaily ſing;
And when with punch, your loyal hearts were heated,
You ſaid, "George, take a glaſs, and drink the
"King;

"Here

" Here, Charlotte, 'Melia, Henry, come, all join,
He who the King's health drinketh, drinketh mine!"

Contentment, then, good Britons, cheer'd your faces,
Your children ſmiled, like the loves and graces.
From morn to night, you ſtill would happy be,
From care, anxiety, and *Reform* free!

In this fair flow'ry garden, were no briars;
No thiſtles, pricking ſecretly, like lyars.
*All, every* thing was pleaſing, not one toy.
Contentment, pleaſure, happineſs, and joy!

See then, in this fair garden, ſecret creep,
With tim'rous looks, uncertain, troubled ſtep;
A man, now of his labours, wond'rous vain,
You know his name well, Britons, 'tis Tom Paine.

Thus Satan, when to Paradiſe, let in,
Brought aking hearts, diſeaſe, and death, and ſin!
O'erturn'd the oak, the trees, the fragrant bowers,
Pluck'd up the roſes,—mangled all the flowers;
Then in the middle ſtalking,—wond'rous civil,
Cried, " Here, my friends, take Freedom, and—the
" Devil!"

When a fool, ſtrangely ſtaring, walks the ſtreet,
Ringing with furious hand, his noiſy bells;
Straight every other fool, whom he may meet,
Stops his dear brother, and his burdens tells.

With

With ſorrowing heart, points out each frivolous
thing,
Each little grievance, leſſer than a ring:
But quite forgetteth, every fruitful fountain,
And ſtores of bleſſings, larger than a mountain.

Under the banners of good Thomas Paine,
Quick many a diſcontented perſon, ran;
And thoſe who were of alterations vain,
Beheld a thouſand beauties, in his *plan*.
Yea, with the gape of ign'rance, thought they ſaw,
His *plan*, already formed to *a law*.

Straight they began, to ſpread their thoughts about,
And ſeek for proſelytes with a greedy eye,
*Convincing ignorance*, when they found him out,
And catching every gull, they could eſpy.

In tippling houſes oft theſe wiſe men gather,
And ſafely do they reaſon many an hour,
How to make taxes, *lighter than a feather*,
And to do things, they never did before.
On plans which would make candle eaſier burn,
Give them more light, and butter better churn.
Ways which would *reaſon's dictates ever ſpurn*,
And ſuch odd things.
For lo! theſe *Judges*, wonder at the change,
Which doth allow, their little tongues to range,
In ſpeaking as they pleaſe of laws and kings.

Aſſociations

Associations they themselves do name,
And say they meet in " *lovely* Freedom's cause,"
And cry with *half-seal'd* lips, " We think no shame,
To come-to—to curse King—and laws—and laws."
*Freedom*, I say, their worthy lips doth seal,
With highland whisky, and " fine old cork'd ale."

The worthy members, of these worthy meetings,
Are coblers some, some brewers to their trade;
Weavers are some, some finely thrive by beatings *,
And some by their smart feet do make their bread †.

Old toothless Schoolmasters, and furious Tanners;
Tailors, Hair-dressers, deep-read Butchers too,
All list with zeal, under fair Reform's banners,
And that, they will be very great men, vow.
Yea all,
(With *sapient* looks of vast importance big,
Huge pounds of knowledge, curling in their wig,)
Do call,
" Give us but Freedom,---Freedom---we---we say,
" And then, we may get drunk---all day---all day!"

In Edinburgh town and London city,
And many other places dy' see;
These sage Reformers (*Freedom!* what a pity)
*Steal* to their meetings, that none may them see.

---

* Boxers. † Dancing-Masters.

And

And leſt ſome angry maſtiff dog ſhould bark,
They hold theſe worthy meetings in the dark;
Where with a mug of porter, and piece cheeſe,
They curſe the King and nation as they pleaſe.
Till fill'd with liberty, and juice of malt,
They ſally forth, and at each corner halt,
To roar aloud, "Equa---Equality,
"Behold the bleſſings of it, Sir, in me!"

What they would have, they ſeem not well to know,
Why, if all equal, to a *Preſes bow?*

Should a fond father, ſay unto his ſon,
"Jacky, my dear, go,---hither bring my wig;"
The little rogue, would think it exc'llent fun,
To ſay—"not I, I'm equal, tho' not big!"

The diſappointed, envious, and the needy;
The diſcontented, worthleſs, and the greedy;
Thoſe who have nought to loſe, have much to win,
Deſpiſing virtue, and profeſſing ſin,
Are thoſe, who form the bulk of Freedom's ſons:
Moſt worthy heroes hail! hail, blazing ſuns!

Their *leader* too, for moſt part of his life,
Has been engag'd in diſcord and in ſtrife.
His mind more wavering than a cock on ſteeple,
A ruler, really fitted for the people.

PAINE's Books, 'tis true, lay down a *fair-fac'd plan;*
But actions, ſure not words, muſt be our rule.
A wiſe man may admire the e'ergreen's fruit,
But did he eat it, he would be a fool.

Yon houſe, that ſtrikes the ſtranger with amaze,
Would look moſt wond'rous were it hung in air,
But then to ſay ſo's but an empty blaze,
For who the devil e'er could put it there?

Could we get wings with which in air to mount,
Sure am I, 'twould be a moſt uſeful thing;
For merchants then to India might jaunt,
And home its choiceſt produce with them bring.

*Could* this be done, it would be fine, I ſay.
But anſwer, who would plant the wings, I pray?
Beſides, were ladies ſoaring in the air,
Lord, what a ſight, ye Britons, would be there!

In ev'ry kingdom, as in ev'ry man,
Errors, without a doubt, we ſtill will find,
And he who layeth down the *wiſeſt* plan,
Will find that plan, in actions, would be wind.

Let any man in Britain's wide domains
Lay's hand upon his heart, and truly ſay,
" Here, ever hath the laws of wiſdom reign'd,
" Reign'd ſince my birth, without one fault till
t' day."

That

That man o'er England would deserve to reign,
Much greater he, than *worthy* THOMAS PAINE!
Greater than's *Rights of Man*, *Common Sense*, and's
*Letters*,
Wrote with a brazen face unto his betters.

Mankind, good Britons, with an envious eye,
Still search about to find faults in a brother,
And what within themselves they hardly spy,
They think a monstrous mountain in another.

Britons, within the walls of your neat dwellings,
Where sportive children cheer the social fire,
Has one sad hour not damp'd your choicest blessings,
Chang'd all your happiness to sorrow dire.

In that sad hour, has not the time, that's past,
Wore a dark brow, it never wore before?
Have you not view'd the present with disgust?
And curs'd the future, in that evil hour?

Yes, Britons, sure am I, you've all this done:
But then, when pleas'd, how has the scene been
alter'd!
Then past and present, shone like summer's sun;
And the fair future, seem'd with blessings halter'd.

Reformers, Britons, have quite chang'd your minds,
And mark me well—*they are the evil hour;*
Be pleas'd once more,—once more be social, kind,
And you will think,—*as you have done before.*

Again.

Again.—Suppoſe you hoſpitably bring,
Into your houſe, a ſtranger quite forlorn,
And cheer his mind, by making children ſing,
And all the other ways,—*you've learn'd ſince born.*

Buoyed up with your good cheer,—your fatted cow,
The ſtranger ſtraight with evil mind begins
To tell your children, no reſpect's your due;
That all your maxims, are but ſilly things.

That all the paths in which ſince young they've trod,
Are paths where evil and injuſtice reign,
And bid them quit, their father and their God;
And ſeek for Freedom, with him, Thomas Paine.

Sure, Britons,—Britons blood would in you ſwell,
And with diſdain, you'd kick that man to hell.
Yet ſtill the followers of *that* worthy wight,
Declare that only he, is in the right.

Doubtleſs a Cobler, ſhould like other men,
Have right to ſpeak, and what he thinks to tell.
But ſure a Cobler cannot judge of Kings!
Nor, like a ſtateſman, know, the law full well!
He's ignorant, who openeth wide his mouth;
A wiſe man he, who ſits and hears the truth.

Kind Britons, hear my words with patient ear;
Know, that if you'd be happy, you muſt fear.

Much happier ſure the ſervant of a lord,
Than naked Indian, ſtretch'd on naked board.

And

And worſe than Indians, Britons, would be you,
Did you the doctrines of Reform purſue.
" Know well yourſelves, preſume not *Kings* to ſcan,
" The proper ſtudy of mankind is man."
Search the deep receſs of the human mind,
And *learn to know the paſſions of mankind*..
Mark well how Anger turbulently boils,
Like foaming billows, daſhing 'gainſt the Iſles.
See Pride elate, with empty honours full:
And Sloth ſtill yawning, heavily and dull.
Aſk what delight Revenge can ever bring?
And know there's happier mortals than a King.
Search well, the good the labour will repay,
*Reaſon* you'll find, ſhines faireſt in the day.
And Reaſon, Britons, ſtill will bid you ſtay,
And to a worthy King your homage pay.
Once more 'twill bid you loyal Britons ſing,
With loyal hearts, " Long live Great GEORGE our King.
" Still may he flouriſh—flouriſh great and free,
" *No nation in the earth, ſo bleſt as we!*"

*FINIS.*

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